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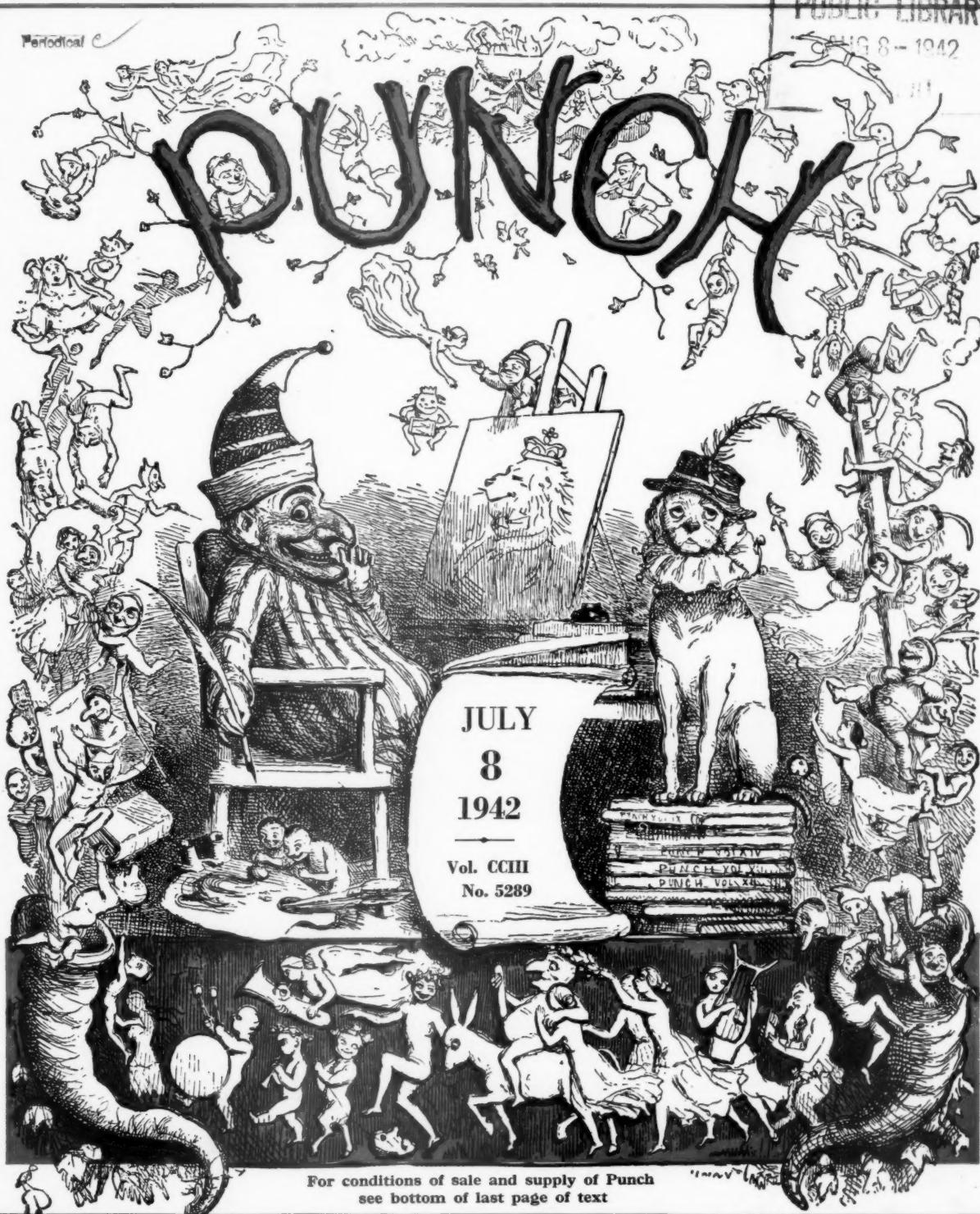


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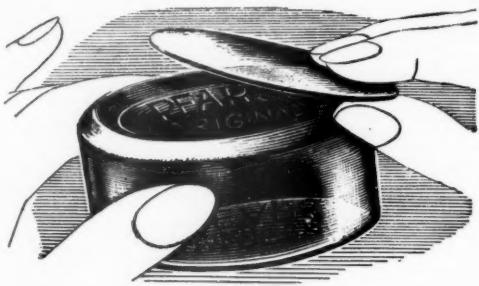
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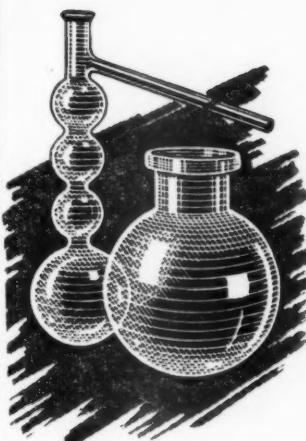
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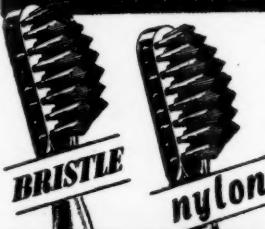
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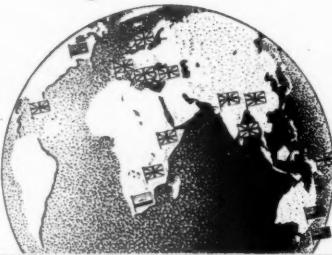
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sends help to our kinsfolk in
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Please give generously for the relief of those throughout the Empire who so freely helped the homeland in its hour of need. Address your gift to the Lord Mayor's Empire Air Raid Distress Fund, Mansion House, London, E.C.4
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Some of the pre-war Romary biscuits can no longer be made; but Romary's offer—in limited quantity—the best that wartime ingredients can make. Restrictions on transport also mean that Romary biscuits are no longer available in certain parts of the country . . . a sad necessity.

We, like you, accept these limitations for the sake of a supreme cause, to which all that is finest in our British way of life must be dedicated.

ROMARY'S 'Tunbridge Wells' Biscuits

(Registered Trade Mark)



Confidence . . .

Confidence both 'grim and gay' was another lesson the great Raleigh taught us. Confidence born of mastery.

History tells how Raleigh saucily greeted Philip's Invincible Armada with a couple of 'blurs' from his silver trumpet, though graver work came

later, with overwhelming victory.

The Raleigh organisation owes much to confidence, born of mastery too. Research, unhalting progress, undeviating excellence, all contributed. A world-demand to-day supplies the sequel.

Raleigh Cycles are rationed. Register your order with your dealer, but try to carry on with your old machine. Leave the new bicycles for war workers.



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In a Green Shade

WHEN the clamour of war is at its loudest, and the shouts of criticism at their most shrill, it is good to retire for a little beyond the derailed shrubberies into the garden we have made, when the *Pisum Sativum* is already bursting into lovely bloom and the verdant *Latuca* everywhere gladdens the eye; where the light summer breeze that gently moves the fronds of the *Daucus Carota* comes heavily laden with the perfume of *Ailsa Craig*; where the young apples tumble too soon upon the turnip beds and *Claudia Aquadulce*, whose flowers have long fallen, stands shoulder-high.

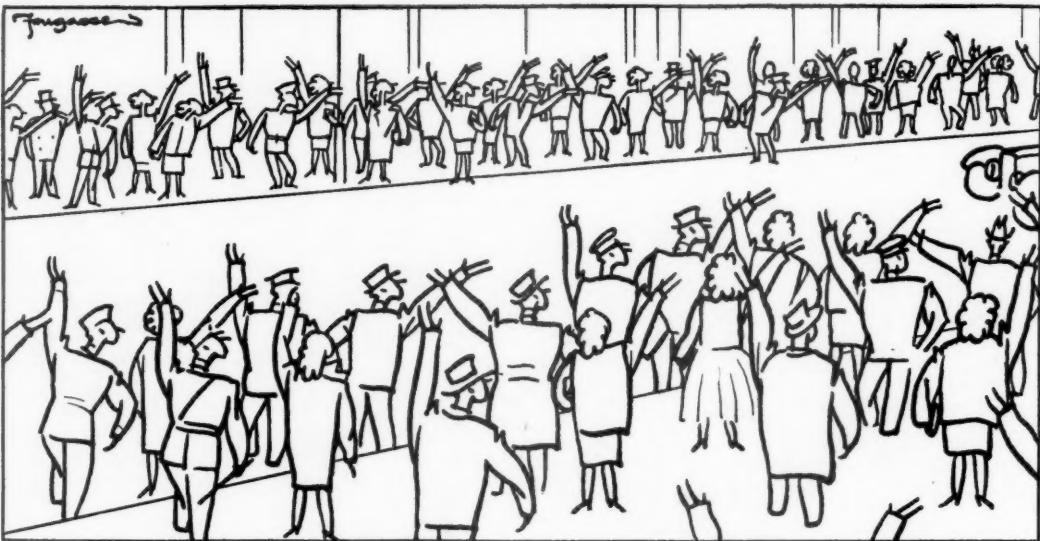
Here, taking nothing with us but perhaps a trowel, a rake, a hoe, a wheel-barrow, a watering-can, a bottle of weed-killer and a packet or two of powdered pest-destroyer, we can meditate for a while in peace, and commune with nature, far off from the bewildering cries of the Home Guard and the noise of passing omnibuses.

* * * * *

It took us long to make this garden of ours, nor was it otherwise with the gardens of our friends which lie round

about us, envied or envious, stockaded with branches and netted with string. There was nothing but a wild jungle of rank grass when we began, and we could dig but a couple of feet down before we came to a firm stratum of brick, or it may have been cement or possibly some abandoned roadway. "It is the curse of macadam" we said pleasantly to each other as we removed everything that could be removed with the fork and spade and set it reverently on one side for examination.

It consisted of pieces of clay—about the same size and consistency as Dutch cheese—with a light sprinkling of grit, household ornaments, sections of bicycle tyre, stones, glass, tins, nails, worms, beetles, tree-roots, shrapnel and children's toys. When we had collected all that seemed of value to the State for building tanks and aeroplanes and burnt a bonfire of the rest, we set about making our plot ready for leguminous food products that might lighten, if by ever so little, the burden of our ships at sea. This we did by laying on the hard floor of our garden lime, soot, wood-ash, bone-meal, silver-sand, hop-manure and other fertilizers, until the



No, not a Royal procession—just any taxi passing along any West End street on any evening.

excavation was nearly filled again. Some of us, crusaders, might be seen at early dawn, riding out on our bicycles with a container behind the saddle and a trowel at our belt carefully following the pony-carts of the Dairy Company, seeking what we might find, a romance of the London suburbs which has probably never been witnessed before.

* * * * *

When the new subsoil had been deposited we cut the clay-cheeses into small slices with a meat-axe, mixed all together, and planted our seeds or seedlings with a lively certainty that whatever we did would be shown by others of us to be wrong. No critics of a War Cabinet have had a more variegated notion of the right way to battle with the stubborn earth and the intractability of roots than we. For the vegetable is not a friend of man. It is at best a wavering neutral, preferring to die rather by the heat of the sun, the nibbling of mice, the depredations of sparrows, pigeons, slugs and blight than to suffer the indignity of coming whole to the kitchen table. Even in a good row there are quislings and non-co-operators which have deserted to the enemy.

* * * * *

We patted and petted them. We dug pits for them. We potted them and put them out. There were not wanting wise counsellors amongst us, especially a professional gardener of many years' standing, and another an air-warden of many months' gazing at the stars, who knew more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in Mr. Middleton's philosophy. Sometimes we followed their bidding, sometimes not. The result is a curious variety. This man's peas are more beautiful, this girl's potatoes will be earlier, this man's tomatoes are incarnadined before the rest. Tomatoes are dipsomaniacs. "I have forgotten to water my tomatoes!" The cry goes up at midnight and the tiller returns to his toil. For sheer intemperate tippling the lettuce is a rival to the tomato. Souse it round the

roots never so earnestly, the faint heart still cries out for more.

* * * * *

One hero gardener has made a sun-dial out of the marble top of a wash-basin and set it for double summer-time. We think it stimulates the cabbages and we set our watches by it, preferring it for beauty and accuracy to the B.B.C. Long after the black-out it tells us the waning hours of the afternoon, as we hoe and water, weed and hoe.

It has been wondered now and then whether music may not be good for backward vegetables as it has been said to be good for cows at milking-time. Some have thought that the post-warden, who is an expert and well-known entertainer, might bring his piano out into the garden and play to the more recalcitrant plants to soothe and encourage them, to bring them to greater fertility and swell their pods and their roots. Perhaps it would be necessary to compose a song for the occasion. Something after this kind—

Cauliflowers and turnips, onions and potatoes
Carefully tended through the hot June weeks
With a trugful of lettuces, artichokes and sea-kale
Ruddy great tomatoes and fat white leeks.

* * * * *

Or might not the deputy post-warden, a man of great military experience, marshal the herbs at stated hours, recount to them the tales of half-forgotten wars, bid them stand to attention, and give them a short, sharp speech, telling them what England expects of them and pointing out that we are all in this thing together, to the sweet or bitter end?

* * * * *

Black fly has descended everywhere like one of the plagues of Egypt. Or like parachutists.
Yet still the good work goes on. Yesterday we had our first bean.

EVOE.



THE HOUR OF TRIAL

“Still to Strike and Still to Guard.”

Charivaria

A PAIR of Queen Anne strawberry dishes fetched £235 at Sotheby's the other day. The high price suggests that they were filled with strawberries.

"The English cannot make coffee like the Germans," says a German newspaper. That is so. In this country we have to make coffee with coffee.

HITLER is said to be writing a book to be published posthumously. We can hardly wait.



Flying Start

"Beginning life as a boy of seven in a brick-making works in Essex..."

Letter in Daily Paper.

A famous cricketer confesses that he always keeps biscuits in his pocket to eat when fielding. Then when he is batting he is not so tempted to nibble at fast balls on the off.

A Guards Sergeant has been drilling an A.T.S. unit. Steam seen rising from the N.C.O.'s head was thought to be due to a rigorously imposed self-censorship.

A Hollywood actress had to learn to milk a cow for a picture but the scene was eliminated from the finished film. Apparently the cow hadn't mastered the art of being milked by a Hollywood actress.

There is a plague of mice in one London district. Householders fear, too, that after the war there will be great difficulty in training a new generation of rodents to acquire a taste for cheese.

A Rutland man has dug himself an air-raid shelter a hundred feet below the ground. Although small in area, Rutland is as deep as any county.

Booksellers declare that owing to an unprecedented demand, volumes of SHAKESPEARE are practically unobtainable. And apparently it is useless to offer customers "something just as good" even if Mr. SHAW does say so.

"One old lady of Jordansville claims to be 132 years of age," says the New York D.M. Now, let's see. Which side of Jordan is Jordansville?

A dramatic critic predicts that Rain will have a long run in London. Which is more than a meteorological expert would dare to do.

"The modern club revolves round the bar," says a writer. Especially from the point of view of members lingering too long there.

"CAPABLE lady help cook one lady, flat, morning or afternoon."

Advt. in Sussex Paper.

A rather large frying-pan ought to do.

"Blue-eyed people with thin tapering ears are almost always of a cautious disposition," says a writer. People with black eyes and thick ears aren't.



A Surrey centenarian is still a keen cricket spectator. He particularly enjoys watching cautious batsmen in their nervous nineties.

Bicycle manufacturers are to produce a utility machine suitable for both men and women. We thought this problem had been solved by trousers.

"Mr. CHURCHILL has his critics," says a writer. And, for once venturing into the field of political prophecy, we offer the opinion that the critics will continue to have Mr. CHURCHILL.



Thousands of kangaroos which have been damaging crops in East Gippsland, Australia, are being rounded up. A sharp look-out is kept for Japanese pocket-infiltrationists.

At several London weddings recently black cats have walked in front of couples leaving the Registry Office. A superstition is spreading that it is lucky to get married.

The Panic Bag

THIS is a war-time invention of great value and one which well illustrates the resourcefulness and ingenuity which has always characterized the British Seaman.

It is a small canvas bag a little larger than a ladies' handbag and is used by the sailor for packing away a few of his most cherished belongings in the event of disaster overtaking the ship. Thus if his ship is torpedoed, instead of having to collect things in a hurry he has them all ready and the bag can be snatched up in a moment and taken to the boats.

In addition to any money which he may have left over from the last port which occupies no space at all, and his private documents, such as Income Tax papers, the seaman usually endeavours to stow in his Panic Bag the following articles: A bottle of whisky and a pound of tobacco. His sextant, binoculars, camera, typewriter and radio set. A pair of sea-boots, two pairs of socks, a change of underclothing, warm gloves and a scarf. A razor and hair-brush. Also his best uniform and civilian suit and a pair of brown shoes. The latter in case the boat succeeds in making the land instead of being picked up by another ship.

This may seem rather a lot to pack into a small bag and as one may suppose the best uniform and civilian suit are liable to get creased. However, the Merchant Seaman has to provide his own kit so that losing it is a very expensive business and anyway a creased suit is better than no suit at all.

This financial aspect of his loss in the case of the ship going down has since been realized by the Government and nowadays the seaman is compensated to some extent. An officer, for instance, is paid a sum of fifty pounds to enable him to purchase a fresh kit to get torpedoed again each time. By skilful packing of the Panic Bag much of his gear can be saved. In addition to this he can leave much of the stuff which he would normally carry in peace-time at home. Dress-clothes, for example, are no longer worn at sea. Not even in the P. & O.

With a suitably selected kit and a well-packed Panic Bag it is quite possible nowadays to turn getting torpedoed into a profitable business even to the providing for old age and retirement. An officer, having packed his most cherished belongings in the manner described, leaving only his tooth-brush and old gramophone

records to go down with the ship, would be able to replace his loss for something like ten shillings. In this way, due to the Government's generosity in the matter of compensation, he will make a profit of forty-nine pounds ten shillings each time his ship is sunk by enemy action. If he is torpedoed a hundred times he will have made the very tidy sum of four thousand, nine hundred and fifty pounds, which would be enough to enable him to set up in business after the war and make his fortune, just the same as people on shore do.

This is a very fair way of doing

CROMWELL SAID:

"WELL, your danger is as you have seen. And truly I am sorry it is so great. But I wish it to cause no despondency, as truly I think it will not; for we are Englishmen."

The danger is as great as when Cromwell spoke. But what of the men, the living wall that shields us? Night and day, on gale-swept shores, high above the clouds and on the seven seas, with danger ever present, they watch. It is little enough that we can do to ease the hardships borne for us with such gay courage. Little enough—but have we done that little? Have YOU done all you can? A contribution to-day to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4, means cheer for these gallant men.

things as it means that the bravest sailors, that is to say the ones who have been torpedoed the most times and gone back to sea to have another go, will have the most money. The very bravest ones, ones who if they had been in the army or navy would have been promoted to general or admiral, will be able to retire immediately the war is over without even having to bother about going into business.

It is a great pity that the size of these Panic Bags has to be restricted. The Government allows each man to bring home a certain amount of food each voyage, twenty-five pounds altogether. Usually the seaman brings

five pounds of sugar, five pounds of tea, five pounds of butter, five pounds of cheese and five pounds of marmalade, also a case of onions, which the Government does not allow, to help to feed the people at home. As things stand, this valuable contribution to the home front has to be abandoned. The great danger in not limiting the size is that the seaman might overdo things a bit and by the time every one on board had chucked his Panic Bag down into the lifeboat there would be no room for anyone to get in. As everyone knows, seamen are to-day very valuable to the nation's war effort and it would not benefit the country in the long run to save all the Panic Bags without their owners.

There is no actual legislation dealing with this most useful and ingenious device. The matter of its size is left to the discretion of the Captain and this system works quite well.

Generally it is sufficient to give an offender a mild rebuke, such as "Where the b—— h—— do you think you're going with that outfit?" and the seaman will realize at once what is the matter. He will then remove his radio set from his bag and try and sell it cheap to a shipmate who is "Parish Rigged." "Parish Rigged" is an expression in use at sea to indicate the minimum amount of kit necessary to make a sea-voyage of any length. The outfit consists of fifty-three articles comprising a pack of cards and an oilskin coat.

○ ○

Distant Soldier

DISTANT soldier, when the letters come

After many days,
It is not the epigram you will be seeking,
Nor the well-turned phrase;

It is the simple story of simple things
You yourself knew of yore,
It is the small details of the home
You will be hungry for.

A. W. B.

○ ○

X = O

"Imposing a fine of £2, the Stipendiary Magistrate said: 'Fortunately, you did your duty properly both before and after this offence. Be careful you don't do it again, or it will be a very serious matter.'"

Yorkshire Paper.

At the Pictures

A BRIGHT LOT

IT is cheering that for what will probably be my last film article a real smasheroo has turned up: a film, I mean, for which I myself would approve that inelegant word, as distinct from one (like *Flying Fortress*) which in my view merely tries to earn it by energetic publicity.

The theme is not really *Roxie Hart* (Director: WILLIAM A. WELLMAN) but Chicago; a fact underlined by the constant use made in the background music of the good old tune of that name. *Chicago* was in fact the more justifiable title of the play from which this story was adapted: Chicago in the nineteen-twenties, Chicago where "law doesn't count—it's justice we're after," as the gorgeously theatrical *Billy Flynn* (ADOLPHE MENJOU) observes. *Roxie* was "the prettiest woman ever charged with murder in the history of Chicago," and it stood to reason that she would be acquitted when the wily *Billy Flynn* agreed to stage-manage her defence, encouraging her already strong inclination to influence the jury in the best way she knew. ("The knees, Roxie, the knees!" the press-photographers had pleaded.) So she was acquitted, after a trial that was a roaring farce, with pictures being taken of her at every dramatic moment, and the topmost ambition of everybody else concerned (including the judge) being to appear in the background or round the edges of some of them.

The whole thing is brilliantly done, and GINGER ROGERS is a joy as *Roxie*. We are back in the tradition of *The Front Page* and *Nothing Sacred*, the tough tradition; if you don't like it, be warned. If you do like it, and like GINGER ROGERS too, this picture will give you the time of your life, as it appears to have given Miss ROGERS the time of hers.

It has been suggested to me that the close-ups of the ash-tray on the bar, which mark the divisions of the

narrative (this is the flash-back method: *Roxie's* story is told, to-day, by a reporter who covered it in 1927), are over-emphasized as an incidental parody of a device in *Citizen Kane*; but

So, I think, in its quieter way—that seems an odd phrase to use of a violent murder-melodrama, but it is my impression—is *The Maltese Falcon* (Director: JOHN HUSTON). This is outstandingly good work by a new director and a number of players, most of them well-known like HUMPHREY BOGART, but one, SYDNEY GREENSTREET, unfamiliar to film audiences. The story is by DASHIELL HAMMETT and may be known to some of you: I seem to remember that some years ago there was a court case about a young man who copied a novel out almost word for word and sold it to some publishers as his own. The basis of the story is typical HAMMETT stuff, the sort of thing so many other people have been copying rather less obviously in the last ten years; but its value is in something else that is also typical of Mr. HAMMETT but comes hardly, if at all, to his imitators—diversified, picturesque, unusual and amusing characterization.

This, given good players under a good director (as in the *Thin Man* series, though it becomes a trifle conscious in the later examples), wonderfully freshens a melodrama.

The plot here is intricate enough, if you wish to check everyone's motives; but its broad lines are easy to follow, the characters, pleasant or unpleasant, are extremely entertaining to meet, the dialogue is often excellent, and Mr. BOGART dominates the story in a part that suits him very well. The film is first-rate in its unpretentious kind.

A cheerful piece of nonsense for dessert: BOB HOPE in *My Favourite Blonde* (Director: SIDNEY LANFIELD). The mixture of farce and thrills that was so successful in *The Cat and the Canary* and *The Ghost Breakers* is here made topical: MADELEINE CARROLL appears as a British agent in the U.S., and Mr. HOPE and a histrionically-inclined penguin help her to cope with Nazis, secret

ciphers, bodies with knives in the back and so on. There is much more laughter than suspense, and hardly any verisimilitude; and if you like Mr. HOPE all will be very well. R. M.



Roxie Hart
COUNSEL'S REHEARSAL
Roxie GINGER ROGERS
Flynn ADOLPHE MENJOU



The Maltese Falcon
ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT DOESN'T GLITTER
Sam Spade HUMPHREY BOGART
Joel Cairo PETER LORRE
Kasper Gutman SYDNEY GREENSTREET
Brigid O'Shaughnessy MARY ASTOR

I don't think *Roxie Hart* is the kind of film to take a sideways shot at such a target. It goes all out for Chicago-in-1927, and what a girl like *Roxie* could do there; and it's great stuff.

Times Aren't What They Were.

ONCE upon a time—destined no doubt to become historical because it was one of the famous turning-points of the war—which must be pretty giddy by now anyway with all this turning, and as for the word *points* . . . but let's leave it.

There was a girl called Harriet. Decent people took a dim view of Harriet, who was moving heaven and earth to try to get into a reserved occupation because the first reserved occupation she'd been in had become de-reserved, and she wanted nothing less than to do war-work. She even went so far as to say she'd try to get into some university and be a student—and a good many of her acquaintances had some suggestions to make about what she'd better study.

Her father and mother, like most parents, knew better than to waste their breath on suggestions for Harriet.

The father just went on scrambling about with other Home Guards in the middle of the night, and taking part in exercises that always seemed to happen on a Sunday, and doing the work at his office that had once been done by his partner, a clerk and a typist—all of whom were now serving the country elsewhere.

Her mother just worked for the W.V.S. six days a week, performed the duties that had once belonged to a cook and a house-parlourmaid—also now serving the country elsewhere—did the shopping, grappled with the ration-books, repaired the black-out on the weekly occasions of its proving inadequate, and weeded the worst bits of the garden.

Both the father and the mother discussed, in their spare time, such questions—and questions was indeed the word—as income tax, jam, looking for paying guests, the invasion and the salvage of waste-paper.

They also told one another that somebody ought to have a perfectly straight talk with Harriet, and the mother added that she thought Sir Stafford Cripps had pretty well finished in India now, and it would be fine if only they could get hold of him. The father only replied Why not the Prime Minister, come to that?

While this rather unfruitful interchange was going on in the garden, Harriet was flying off the handle in the sitting-room, because she wanted a cigarette and her father had deliberately taken away the packet he'd brought home last night and there

were only her mother's lot left, that weren't nearly so good.

However, it was that or nothing, so Harriet opened her mother's case and with some disgust took the only remaining cigarette from it.

What a war, she not unnaturally said—although actually using more than just three words in which to say it.

Harriet then looked round for something that she could reach without moving and use for a spill, but could see nothing handy, unless she counted her mother's two tabby cats, and this she didn't do, not being very good at maths. (Besides, it was obvious that even if she didn't have to move, the cats would as soon as they understood the position.)

There was nothing for it but to get up and look for matches and to her great astonishment Harriet actually found a box hidden behind a family photograph of a golden wedding group on her mother's desk.

Having practically forgotten what matches looked like, Harriet began to strike one after another, till even the

two cats protested in their dumb way—which was actually quite noisy.

The rash and unpatriotic Harriet ignored their protests until they started clawing at her legs—which were covered with her last-but-one pair of artificial silk stockings.

Then she dropped the matches, including the lighted ones, definitely hoping that they'd land on the cats, but her aim was poor and she only succeeded in setting fire to the hearthrug.

Being so un-war-minded, Harriet had no idea where the sand-bags, the buckets of water and the stirrup-pump were kept, and while she was still desperately wondering about them, she herself caught fire.

"Well," said the father, "we've still got the cats left, and the hearth-rug was insured."

"And," said the mother, "her shoes are okay. That's five coupons saved."

Harriet wasn't the sort of person anyone could regret, really. Let this be a lesson to you, girls. E. M. D.



"Has the Brains Trust ever replied to our postcard?"



"Shilling all day, please—Agnes, will you marry me?"

"After the War"

IDON'T see," said William, "just how we shall win; In fact I'd be glad if I saw us begin. But they tell me that don't worry no one no more, For the one thing that matters is 'after the war.' Well, I wouldn't have guessed, but from all that I've heard This old war is the best thing as ever occurred, When you think how much better we're going to be— Them Utopias is nothing as far as I see. And if you say 'William, how can that be so?' Well, there, I'm that ignorant I wouldn't know.

*Oh, won't it be wonderful after the war—
After the war—after the war?
There won't be no war, and there won't be no pore,
After the war—after the war.
We won't have to work if we find it a bore,
We'll all get a pension about 24,
And there's only one problem I'd like to explore—
Why didn't we have the old wa-er before?*

"It ain't against Hitler we're fighting, they say, But the Economic System what led him astray. It ain't the nice Germans what murders the Poles, But them old Vested Interests as poisons their souls. Poor Hitler of rubber and oil was bereft, So we'll give him what rubber and oil we've got left; And this here arrangement will end, as you'll see, In a much better world both for you and for me. But if you say 'William, how can that be so?' Well, there, I'm that ignorant I wouldn't know.

*But won't it be wonderful after the war—
After the war—after the war?
We'll all have a carriage-and-four at the door
After the war—after the war.
There won't be no sick, and there won't be no sore,
The beer will be better, and quicker, and more;
There's only one question shakes me to the core—
Why didn't we have the old wa-er before?*

"If there's one thing we're sick of, it's the State, there's no doubt—

All them cards, and inspectors, and messing about; If there's one sort of snake we'd all send to the Zoo It's them uncivil servants and burrowerats too. But in this new Heaven and Earth what's ahead There'll be nothing but nationalizing, it's said, Which means the ole world will be run in Whitehall, And before we know what we'll be burrowerats all. But if you say 'William, how can that be so?' Well, there, I'm that ignorant I wouldn't know.

*Oh, won't it be wonderful after the war—
After the war—after the war?
We'll work for the State, and we'll knock off at four
After the war—after the war.
We won't work at all if we find it a bore,
There won't be no rich and there won't be no pore,
The beer will be better, and quicker, and more—
But why didn't we have the old wa-er before?"*

A. P. H.

Course

WE are hanging around in clutches waiting for the course to begin. An N.C.O. distributes hand-outs in which we are warned that the information given on this course is going to be MOST SECRET and must not be communicated even to the enemy. Those of us with enemy friends will have to make the best of seeming reticent and evasive if questioned. The hand-out also tells us that tea will be available during the break at one-and-threepence a head.

It is strange and rather awe-inspiring to see so many Home Guard officers together in one compound. It is wonderful what variations loving thought and an eye for the picturesque can produce out of a standard battle-dress. Yet you can tell there is a designing intelligence behind it all. We get acquainted by sniffing at one another's shoulder flashes which no one seems to have thought of wearing on the chest.

We have always held that we have one of everything in our battalion, but there is an officer over there in a beard. Lieutenant Tinkle would probably rule that it is all right so long as he does not let it grow at all while he is in uniform.

A loud-speaker has just announced that there is a mistake in the hand-out. The price of tea will be one-and-sixpence, but there will be bread-and-butter and things. The secrecy, by implication, still stands. The general opinion is that someone from the War Office has been rather impressed by our turn-out and has decided that we are good for another threepence; but a sad-looking officer in green leather gaiters says, No, it is just that they have been let in for buying another gun or something at the last minute and want to keep themselves right on the day's takings.

The talk is generally about our various units of which most of us seem to think highly. I have just told the cluster



"No, Sir, no motor-car tyres—rubber doesn't grow on trees!"

of which I am a member that ten men whom we put through a classification test in the secret subject of this course secured an average of ninety-five per cent. It seems that this is nothing. One of the chaps has just put through twelve men with an average of ninety-eight per cent., and another has had a whole class which got a hundred per cent., although he admits that there were only nine of them and they were recognized in the battalion as being better than most. The sad-looking officer says that his people are rather better than that, but then they put in a lot of time training. It is rather humiliating.

Thinking of that beard, it seems to me that as soon as he gets into uniform his Commanding Officer is entitled to order him to shave the damn thing off and come out into the open like a man; but then the moment he takes off his blouse to shave he becomes a civilian again, top-half anyhow, and so can tell everyone to go to hell. It is a fascinating problem, like Jekyll and Hyde.

There is now a Wren officer amongst us. At first someone suggests that she may be a Home Guard officer with exceptional facilities for improving the uniform; but at a closer glance this is seen to be absurd as she is very good-looking. We tend to drift nearer to her.

The loud-speaker announces that the opening of the course has been a trifle delayed, but that it will take place all right. An officer who has had his blouse sculptured about rather cunningly to give more the dinner-jacket effect says that he expects that they are considering the advisability of raising the price of the tea to two bob and calling the course off.

I have told these chaps about our battalion being the first to open a battle-training school, but it seems that one of their battalions had one as long as eighteen months ago, and another chap says that their sentries have been trained

to snipe at one another during the night from the very first, so they find battle school rather dull. It is most galling and enough to give one an inferiority complex.

We have wormed our way close enough to the Wren to offer her a cigarette, but she says, No, she would like to but it is a custom of her service that they must be strictly ladylike in the open air. As most of her girls come from good families they are giving them courses of it.

Someone, to make conversation, suggests that perhaps that chap is in the Navy in private life and needs his beard for his work, to make emergency lashings and so on, but it is pointed out that Service people are not allowed to join the Home Guard as they need their rest. Anyhow, the Wren says that naval officers do not ever use their beards for lashings, which would be impracticable, but just for caulking.

I mention that our battalion sent five men on a Regular Army course in So-and-So and that they secured four out of the first five places in the whole army. The captain with the blue pips says that that is interesting because his battalion now has the job of training all the Regular Army instructors in So-and-So in the Command. It is really exasperating. I can only assume that all these chaps are lying too.

We ask the Wren why she has come for a course in our secret subject, and she is quite surprised to hear what it is; but she supposes it is all meant for the best. She does most of the courses for her bunch as she gets on well with people and she supposes it would be useful if the ships ever had to be taken inland.

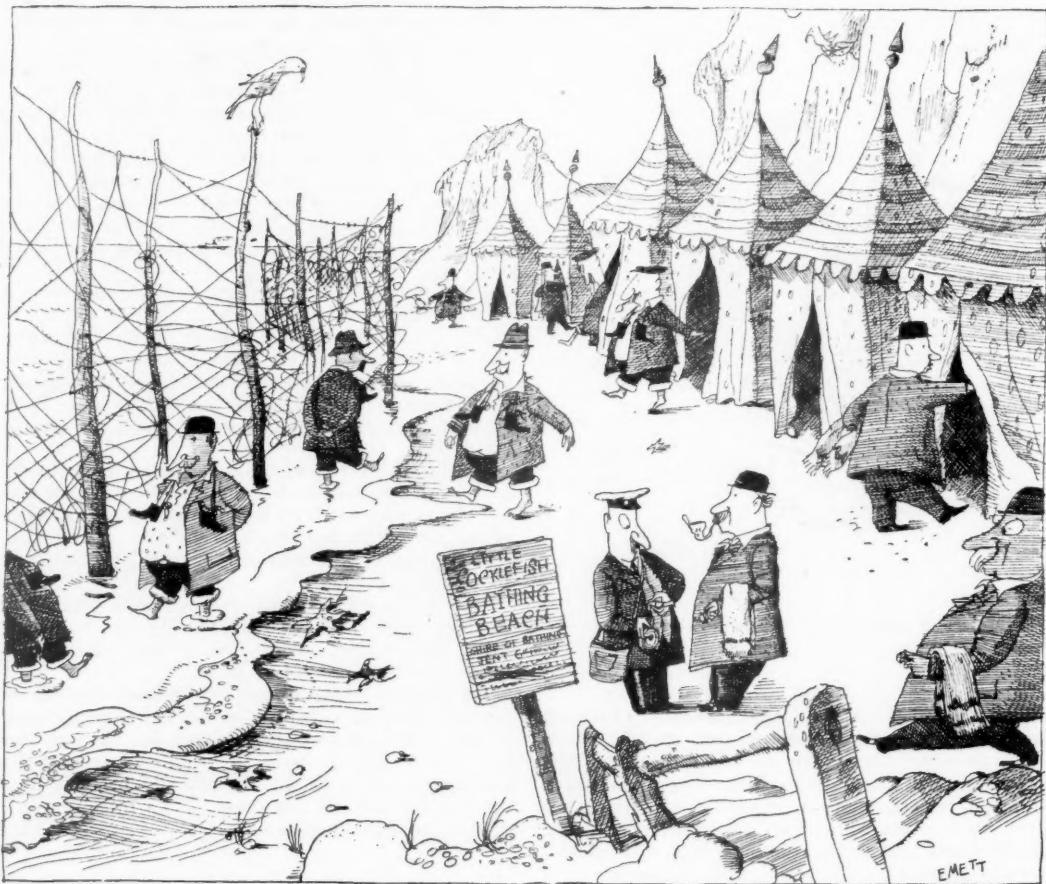
One officer says that he notices that a number of us are wearing socks just like Regulars. He says it must be much more comfortable, but his C.O. is very strict and will not allow it as they are not an issue.

Someone has come up to tell the Wren that she ought to be next door at a lecture on canteen management, which is a pity; but anyway the loud-speaker has just announced that the course is about to begin and reminded us that everything is very secret. It might be better if we avoided temptation and did not listen. The price of tea remains unchanged for the present.

A. M. C.



"Mind you, I had to queue up."



Unknown Warrior

NO strange and stark accoutrement proclaims his hidden trade,
Nor has he clear-cut rules to teach the art of ambuscade.
Fell circumstance brought forth his breed and fanned the secret spark,
When evil overran his fields and drove him to the dark.

A shadow on the plundered earth beside the shining rail . . .
A flaming roar that rends the night and tells the wrecker's tale . . .

Unhonoured, nameless, infinite, his contumacious kind
Goes down before the firing-squad—but flings the torch behind.

And earth's long darkness breaks in light from sacrificial flame,
Thrown high to heaven from human hearts whose memory bears no name.

But while the angry glow goes up, and awful signs appear,
He sees upon the monster's face the twisted cast of fear.

So soundless feet flit through the dark, and deft hands bolt the door,
Where captive peoples meet to make the grimdest of grim war,
To speed the nemesis that grows and use it when it comes
And build the vengeance of the wronged on boundless martyrdoms.

The lurking menace in masked eyes, the silence of shut lips
Beset the captor in his cave and turn his fears to whips.
Then panic drives him deeper yet, and murder stains his soul—
For whom the gods mark down to die must play the madman's rôle.



THE MADMAN

"What you are signing is the death-warrant of the Third Reich."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, June 30th.—House of Commons: Re-enter Mr. Churchill.

Wednesday, July 1st.—House of Lords: The Debate Begins.

House of Commons: A Question of Confidence.

Thursday, July 2nd.—House of Lords: The Debate Ends.

House of Commons: The Question is Answered.

Tuesday, June 30th.—Independent Chief Whip VERNON BARTLETT added another to his fast-growing Independent non-Party Party to-day—Mr. TOM DRIBERG, whose name made news as the victor by a handsome majority over the Government candidate in Maldon, Essex.

It was all done with the dash and precision of which Chief Whip BARTLETT (*alias Corporal BARTLETT* of the Parliamentary Home Guard) is a master. Mr. DRIBERG has the towering figure of a Guardsman, and the ranks of official Tuscany did not bother to forbear to cheer. They made the best of it, and the new Member got a sporting reception.

The House was in one of its curious "morning before the night after" moods, all keyed up and waiting for the big debate of the morrow.

Sir JAMES GRIGG, the War Minister—of all people—got into a brisk row with most of the House when he was not very forthcoming on the question



"O CANADA!"

"He saw the British Empire disintegrating under his very eyes."—Lord Bennett.

of dive-bombers. He said plans were being made to supply them. "In time for the next war?" inquired Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY, acidly. "Why hedge?" rapped Mr. SHINWELL. Sir JAMES hastily withdrew to a prepared position.

Then Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, fresh back from another visit to President ROOSEVELT, in Washington, strode in. There was an instant (if not universal or deafening) cheer, which he acknowledged with a comprehensive glance around.

When the time came, he announced, amid deep silence, that General AUCHINLECK, our Commander in Egypt, had taken over the command of the Eighth Army from General RITCHIE. The House registered no emotion of any kind. He would give (said the PRIME MINISTER) no account of the "momentous battle" now in progress in Egypt.

Without a sound, without a supplementary question, the House let him go to resume his work in Downing Street.

Thereafter Mr. ERNEST BROWN (whose first name should assuredly contain an "a") told the story of his successful Ministry of Health. The traditional hundred-and-one points were raised—but scarce a breath of criticism. The Minister's main point was that our health now is better than ever—Grimness is Good For You.

Wednesday, July 1st.—This was The Great Day.

Members crowded into the Chamber as they have not crowded in since the war began. They began by tittering on the slightest provocation. They turned suddenly taciturn. They settled down to a thick silence. They cheered and counter-cheered. In fact, they showed all the signs of intense nervous strain.

Mr. CHURCHILL entered, was cheered, sat rigidly on the Treasury Bench. Members sat and stood in every likely (and a good many unlikely) piece of the House. Peers crowded into their gallery, diplomats into theirs. Full-Private ROBERT BERNAYS, the House's only unstarred, uncrowned Member, was there, in battle-dress.

Commander KING-HALL, having discovered some abstruse precedent for his act, asked Sir JOHN WARDLAW-MILNE a "private notice question."

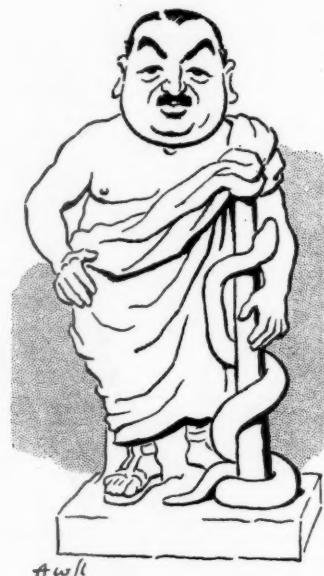
It was a plea that, in view of the serious situation in Egypt, the debate on Sir JOHN's motion of "No Confidence" in the central direction of the war should be put off. Sir JOHN, with the air of a Prime Minister, gravely replied that such requests had better come from the Government.

The Commander looked a little disappointed that so great an affliction as his researches in Parliamentary history and precedent should yield so small a prize.

A moment later, Sir JOHN was up.

Members listened in patient attention. There was no mistaking the anxiety in the air. With the exception of one incredible gaffe (about which the less said the better) it was a skilful marshalling of the facts as he saw them.

Ministers listened keenly. Mr. CHURCHILL "danced" his feet rapidly



ÆSCULAPIUS

(Patron of Birth and Healing.)

MR. ERNEST BROWN

on the floor before him, as he does when under strain. Sir JOHN's voice went on, making no attempt at rhetoric, just ploughing through count after count in his indictment.

There was a neat back-hander at the Mr. Pliables and the Mr. Timorous-es of the Parliamentary Pilgrim's Progress, who ate their words at the order of the Whips. There were damaging quotations from too-optimistic speeches of the past.

There was a charge that we were still trying to fight our battles with the tanks we had before the war—and that we were still *making* them. There was the shrewd query: "Who gave the decision to get out of Tobruk—and who decided that we should try to hold on?"

There was the challenge: "The House must decide whether it is to be a packed, obedient assembly, or master!" And there was the "No Confidence" motion.

A dangerous attack, and one that could not be ignored or brushed aside.

Sir ROGER KEYES, the gallant Admiral, whose *forte* is definitely not full-dress political speech-making, seconded. He appeared to blame the Navy (or its rulers) for most of the ills the British people are heir to in this war.

Mr. OLIVER LYTTELTON, Production Minister, making the first speech for the Government, delivered an elaborate justification of every Minister's every act, defended our supply of all arms to all places at all times and promised good things to come.

The debate then became a free-for-all. There was a constant drip of criticism of the Government, swelling from time to time into a flood. Most of those who spoke on the side of the Government added their own "buts" and provisos.

The vocal critics—as is the way on these occasions—outnumbered the vocal supporters of the Government by exactly three to one.

Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES made the speech of his career in attacking the Government, and another unexpectedly eloquent critic was Major S. F. MARKHAM, who came, so to say, with the mud of the battlefield on his boots, to tell of the views of the fighting man.

So it went on, and on, and on, far into the night.

Lord WINTERTON complained of the "Fuehrer-is-always-right" attitude being applied to Mr. CHURCHILL. Mr. SPENS inquired where we should have been without Mr. CHURCHILL.

Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY who cited the shipping situation as the crux of the whole war, was countered by someone else who said tanks were. The cut of criticism was parried by the thrust of praise, and all the time Ministers sat silent.

Midnight came and went. One. Two. Two-forty-five.

Mr. JOHN McGOVERN (having safely been delivered of a 46-minutes' speech) called for a count of the remaining Members. A game of "Ten Little Nigger Boys" had been going on for some time, with Members slipping off home as soon as they had had their say, so the most valiant joint efforts of the Whips and the critics could produce only 38—two short of the quorum of 40.

So the House had to go home—parts of it saying things that never found place in any manual of Parliamentary etiquette. And the motion died a (technical) death.

In their Lordships' House, a good time was being had by all. Lord

ADDISON having, with his customary suavity, opened a debate on the war, Lord BEAVERBROOK, looking remarkably sunburned, took his seat on the Opposition Front Bench. This made history. There seemed no reason, in his speech, for this *decreet absolute* of divorce from the Government, for his speech was a good-humoured, thorough-going, informed defence of the Government and all (or nearly all) its works.

His main argument was that a Minister of Supply was like a shopkeeper, who supplied what his customers wanted, and not what he thought they *ought* to want. Which, to your coupon-ridden scribe, seemed reasonable enough.

Anyway, lest there be any doubt about his *bona fides* and goodwill, he announced for all the world to hear that, had he still been Minister of Supply, he would have acted precisely as the present incumbent of that office had acted.

Then this debate, too, drifted into backwaters.

Thursday, July 2nd.—To counter the Rommelesque tactics of Mr. McGOVERN, Sir JOHN WARDLAW-MILNE had to ask formal permission to move, once more, his "No Confidence" motion. This was accorded in silence, and the position was thus simply restored.

Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN seconded, in a vigorous speech of condemnation of the Government (as one Member put it)

root, branch, bell, book and candle. "Class prejudice" in the Army and elsewhere was the cause of all the trouble, said he.

Mr. LESLIE HORE-BELISHA wound up for the critics, with a speech of cold (almost icy) reasoning and a catalogue of hot (almost scorching) criticisms. A well-delivered, powerful speech.

Then . . . the moment for which all had waited. In a roar of cheers, Mr. CHURCHILL went to the Table.

It was a cheerless speech—in more senses than one—with occasional little bursts of the humour that is never far beneath the surface with the PREMIER.

The House (by now crowded like some Super Black Hole) listened intently to his every word. A grim story it was, with its fiery reference to Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN's "bitter animosity" and his "diatribe of calculated hostility."

A difficult and most critical battle was on in Egypt, and we were in the presence of a recession of our hopes without compare since the fall of France. Tobruk's fall had been a severe and painful shock to the War Cabinet, the High Command—to everybody.

To his promise of "blood, toil, tears, sweat" for the nation, he would add "Muddles and mismanagement." But nagging and snarling would not help.

Members trooped into the division Lobbies. The result was announced: For the Motion, 25—Against, 475. 'Twas enow.



"Yes, I know, but can you suggest an alternative?"



"If I was in the R.A.F. I'd drop leaflets on London tellin' people not I thinks of yer."

H. J. Talking

SOMETIMES people ask me what it is all for. A scientist is peculiarly liable to be asked such questions. Well, what I think is, it's all for our grandchildren; they are the ones who are going to suffer, more debts, more reminiscences, more dates, they'll cop it all ways. Another thing will be horses. They may have died out or there may be too many of them eating us into a desert, but they won't be a balanced animal, as now. My wife was a horse-riding teacher, and while some people get their hair frayed when a runaway horse plunges down the High Street it just puts her on her mettle. She makes for that horse and gives it hell, until it looks as if it wants to squeeze down a drain. She lopes along by its side and twists it with the handle of her umbrella. She gets so keen that sometimes the horse is never good for anything again but contemplation. It is rather hard on me because she keeps shouting the most technical instructions. "Put a clove hitch round the left fetlock, you mutt," or "Hobble the pasterns, you goof," she yells, and it is very difficult, out there with people looking on. Another thing she can't resist is a mad dog. She deals with it by taking my shoes off and throwing them at its head.

I once lived over a stable which I originally hired owing to a misprint in the advertisement. I really wanted to hire a table for some experiment I was doing and they added the "s" in the newspaper office. I was away from home at the time, and when somebody wrote to say they had exactly what I wanted I clinched the deal without further investigating. It was fairly comfortable there except for a horse which used to sleep-walk, and as it had once been a steeplechaser it would climb up the stairs into my room and leap to and fro over the bed until it woke up, when it stood frozen still and tried to eat my hair. One day I tried to stop this by moving the bed against the end wall, but it got its teeth round the head and pulled it back into the centre of the room, and went on practising jumps as if nothing had happened.

Another disadvantage of the stable was that we had a ghost around. If it had been the ghost of a man or even a horse one could have got on terms with it, but it was the ghost of a giraffe, and when it stood on the floor of the stable its head came about two feet through the trap-door, so that when I woke up its eyes were level with mine. It was not a bad ghost, but someone had taught it to sing some

years before, and I used to get tired of listening to "A Bicycle Made for Two" and "Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road," night after night. I tried to teach it some new tunes, but it got so excited trying to learn them its neck used to stretch until it made my throat ache to look at it.

It is a moot point what kind of ghost is most annoying. Some people would say ghosts of relations because now you know there is no hope of getting rid of them. Other people think the historical kind of ghost because they make a tinny noise, and people keep on coming to watch for them and expect you to provide sandwiches. It is a nuisance when ghosts appear to you and not to anybody else because nobody will believe you have seen them. For example, nobody ever saw my giraffe and the Insurance Company increased my premium because of it. Some people seem to get ghosts which give you useful tips, but the average ghost expects you to be interested in it just because it is one, and pops up night after night with a fatuous look as if it expected to be congratulated. A friend of mine called Mrs. Oscar's Boy had a ghost that would breathe down his neck when he was playing Bridge. It criticized his deals but never told him what cards the other players held.

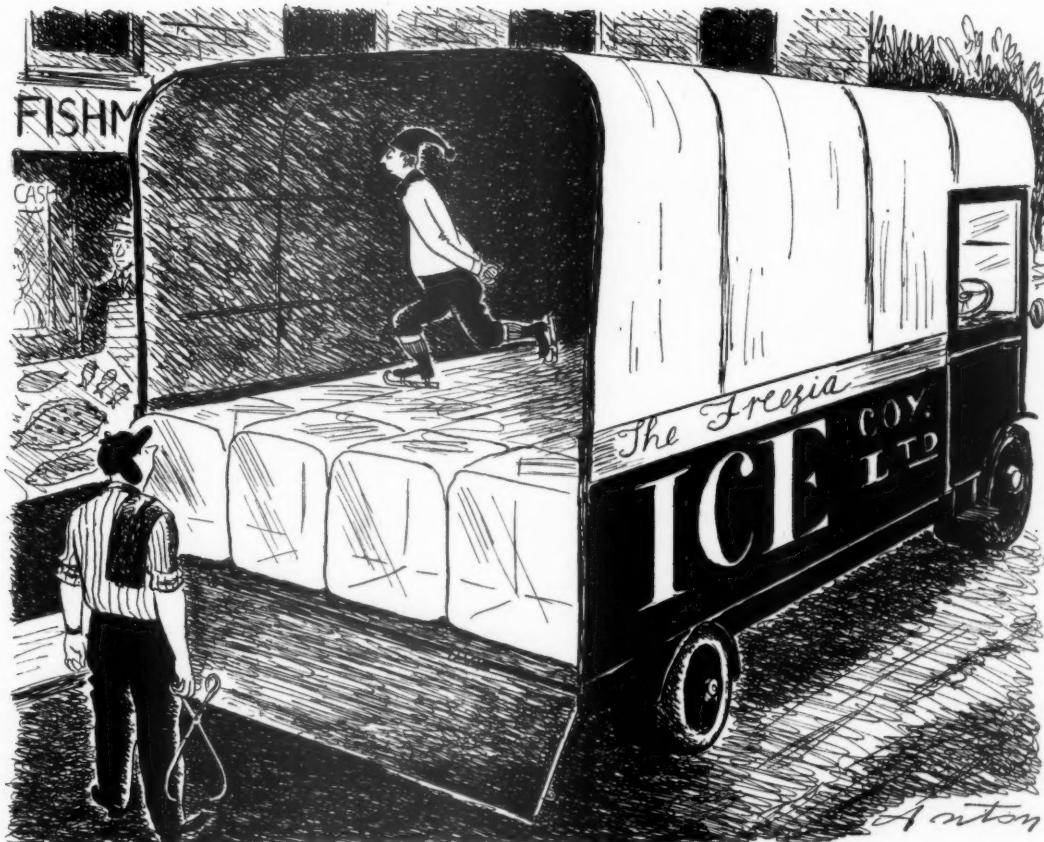
The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Mrs. Oscar's Boy was a man who invented the process for making lime-juice out of lemons. Not having a commercial mind he never really made much out of it. He used to get people interested because he had a persuasive way of talking and had inherited a tobacconist's, but they were usually people in the wrong line of business. He spent about three months working on a leading book-binder, and almost a year hawking his invention round Lloyd's. Another invention of Mrs. Oscar's Boy was the learner's piano, which had only white notes and no pedals. He used to take an old piano and cut out all the bits he didn't want, but he could never sell it for anything like the price he paid for it; in fact, he lost so heavily that he came and lived with us for years. We had to drink lime-juice with every meal including tea, so that he wouldn't feel he was living on charity.

• •

Our Treasure

HER mistress she treats with a haughty disdain,
Her master with open contempt ;
Though a bull amongst china has nothing on Jane,
She's a pearl beyond price—she's exempt!





"Would you care to buy a rose in aid of the National War Effort?"

Thoughts on a By-Pass

ONCE, when I thought of the By-pass,
I thought of sudden death
And of human greed for the maniac
speed
That taketh away the breath;
Once I thought of the By-pass
In terms of miles per hour,
Of a world a-wheel, of a river of steel
And of multiple horses' power;
Of some damn fool in a super-sports
Trying to pass all other sorts;
Of cutting in and of cutting out;
Of jockeying, jostling through the rout;
That, to me in my Family Ten,
That, my friends, was the By-pass—
Then.

Now, when I think of the By-pass,
I think of a placid pool
Where the pensive bard (being now
de-carred)
Goes peacefully gathering wool;
Now I think of the By-pass
As an ebony empty floor
Twixt walls of green—things never seen
In the dog-fight days of yore.

But where, ah, where, is the Family
Ten?
Gone till the end of the war—amen:
And there comes the thought
(Which it didn't ought)
"Sweet is the solitude war has brought
And sweet is safety; but what a wow
Were the Family Ten on the By-pass—
Now!"

H. B.

• •

Brush Up Your Cricket

THERE must be many who, like me, are sadly disappointed in The Atlantic Charter. I refer of course to the grave omission from that document of any mention of cricket. It is an apt comment on our times that two of the world's greatest statesmen can find time to discuss such topics as democracy and nationalism while neglecting the urgent problem of keeping the game alive. Perhaps, on second thoughts, the issue was complicated by the absence of Australia from the conference. Some day we shall be told the truth.

No scheme of post-war reconstruction can possibly succeed unless it makes adequate provision for the free development of cricket. A country that can afford ten or fifteen millions a day for an international fracas can surely spare enough from its peacetime coffers to make our cricket-clubs free from want. Write to your M.P. about it!

Equally important is it to appreciate the havoc done to the game by the long years of idleness and drawn stumps. The questionnaire which follows is intended to provide mental net-practice for those followers of the sport who are now deprived of experience between the wickets.

1. When Herbert Sutcliffe batted at The Oval he was invariably disturbed by the restless antics of a woman who sat behind the bowler's arm at the pavilion end. The great batsman would gesticulate with his bat until the offender was either removed or rendered quiescent. An ambitious reporter named Bratt thought that a photograph of this woman, her home, her pets and her relations would provide a scoop for the Sunday

edition of his paper. One day he followed the woman when she left the ground. Imagine his surprise when her residence turned out to be the embassy of a great foreign (not Empire) Power. Bratt quickly put two and two together and visited Scotland Yard. What hideous plot had Bratt uncovered? On which cricket-ground was the death-ray first used?

2. A wily Somerset batsman named Fanshawe cut a ball very hard to point and started to run. The fielder stopped the ball in brilliant fashion, whereupon Fanshawe, seeing himself unable to regain his crease, began nonchalantly to pat the turf. When the ball was returned the wicket-keeper knocked off the bails and appealed for a run-out. What was the correct decision bearing in mind the facts that the umpire's train was due to leave at 6.20 P.M., and that Fanshawe was playing under an assumed name?

3. During a match played at Marpleby, Hants, a batsman pulled a ball to the boundary where it struck a spectator named Willoughby on the head with fatal results. A few weeks later the same (J. T. Todkin) was responsible for the death of a man called Rucksack in identical circumstances. The suspicions of the M.C.C. were aroused and a post-mortem was held. Rucksack's organs were found to contain large quantities of strychnine and it was clear that, like Willoughby, he was already a corpse when struck by the well-aimed ball. Todkin admitted his crime, adding a rider to the effect that batsmen with homicidal tendencies should have more than one scoring stroke in their repertoire. Should the sixes scored by Todkin be deleted from the records?

4. A story is often told (probably untrue) of how Dr. W. G. Grace was once savagely attacked by a clergyman. "W. G." was playing for the "Upstarts" against the parish of Muckley. The vicar of Muckley was a good man but inordinately proud of the unbeaten record of the village club of which he was president. Having lately preached a sermon on the subject of Samson and Delilah and fully aware of the awful doings of the great batsman, his valour overcame his discretion and he attacked the flowing beard with a pair of scissors as "W. G." was walking to the wicket. Dr. Grace raised his bat, felled the clergyman with a blow and went on to make 171 not out. What was the name of the vicar of Muckley? What epitaph appears on his tombstone? What horse won The Derby in that year?

5. In a Saddleback League match between Portleigh Stooing and Glenarry

an umpire caused great displeasure in the Glenarry team by judging five of its members l.b.w. During the tea-interval the Glenarry captain devised a scheme to punish the umpire. When his team took the field each player wore as many sweaters, scarves, waist-coats and other garments as were available. Arriving at the wicket the fielders divested themselves and deposited their haberdashery upon the fractious umpire. He was thus so heavily accoutred that he was quite unable to open his mouth or raise an arm to give a decision and Portleigh Stooing were easy winners. What is the maximum weight (Marylebone ruling) that an umpire may carry?

Which umpire was wont to charge a cloakroom fee of twopence per sweater?

A handsome catalogue will be presented to the senders of the first five correct solutions opened.

We learned with deep regret last week of the death of Mr. Ernest Bramah Smith, the author of the "Wallet of Kai Lung" and many other stories. The last stories of Kai Lung were written by him for *Punch* and published in the Summer Number of 1941 and the Almanack of 1942.



"I'm so sorry, Constable—I was thinking of the lights!"



"CERTAINLY! I am EMJX/213/1; EMJX/213/2 is my husband!"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Dorothy Wordsworth

IT was at Alfoxden in western Somerset, in January, 1798, as the wonderful year of *Tintern Abbey* and *The Ancient Mariner* opened, that DOROTHY WORDSWORTH began her journal, which she was to continue at irregular intervals over the next thirty years, though never again in the rapturous spirit of the brief period when the friendship between her brother and COLERIDGE was at its height, and both were receiving from her a still deeper stimulus than from one another. In an entry describing a long walk she had taken with COLERIDGE she wrote: "We lay sidelong upon the turf, and gazed on the landscape till it melted into more than natural loveliness." Her exquisite sensibility to the external world quickened COLERIDGE, drawing his genius out of the subterranean depths in which at other

times it was submerged. Allowing for the difference between WORDSWORTH's dour stubborn egotism and COLERIDGE's fluid formless self-absorption, her effect on her brother was of the same kind, and though his inspiration did not die away till some years after his marriage most of his best work was written when he and DOROTHY were alone together at Grasmere. What his poetry gained from his companionship with someone gifted with such delicate perceptions is revealed in hundreds of entries like this one—"Sat down in a thick part of the wood. The near trees still, even to their topmost boughs, but a perpetual motion in those that skirt the wood." During their years at Grasmere his poetry was their sole interest. Here is a little scene which shows how they lived together. One morning, inspired by a talk the previous day on the pleasure they had both always felt at the sight of a butterfly, he came down to breakfast in an abstracted mood. She set a basin of broth before him, and a plate of bread-and-butter, but verses were forming in his mind—"He ate not a morsel, nor put on his stockings, but sate with his shirt-neck unbuttoned, and his waistcoat open...." It was not in

the nature of things that this happy state should last. WILLIAM became engaged, and when he set out for Yorkshire on a visit to his future wife, DOROTHY wrote in her journal—"My heart was so full that I could hardly speak to William when I gave him a farewell kiss. I sat a long time upon a stone at the margin of the lake, and after a flood of tears my heart was easier. The lake looked to me, I know not why, dull and melancholy, and the weltering on the shores seemed a heavy sound." MARY, WILLIAM's wife, had been their friend since childhood, WILLIAM's feeling for her was mild and steady, and, if he had to marry at all, he could not have chosen a better wife from the standpoint of DOROTHY, who indeed may have made the choice for him, for it does not appear that even during his honeymoon, on which DOROTHY accompanied him, his wife focused much of his attention. But though a tepid husband he became a devoted father, and as the years passed DOROTHY receded into the background. Comparing her journals, which this very fine edition gives to the public for the first time in a complete form (*Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth*, 2 Vols. Edited by E. DE SELINCOURT. MACMILLAN, 36/-), one notices that even on the Scottish tour, which she took with her brother and COLERIDGE shortly after WORDSWORTH's marriage, she was beginning to withdraw within herself. The ecstasy at Alfoxden and the deep happiness at Grasmere were past. Seventeen years later, when she accompanied WILLIAM and MARY on a tour of the Continent, the melancholia which ended in insanity is already apparent in such a passage as "While I lay on my bed, the terrible solitudes of the Wetterhorn were revealed to me by fits, its black chasms, and snowy, and dark grey summits. All night, and all day, and for ever, the Vale of Meiringen is sounding with torrents." WORDSWORTH was now fifty, and the glimpses DOROTHY gives of him suggest that butterflies no longer played much of a part in his life. A Swiss coachman having demanded more than the usual tariff, and refused to hand over WORDSWORTH's overcoat till his demand was satisfied, WORDSWORTH told him that if justice were to be had in Switzerland, he should feel the weight of it. Crossing the lake to Lucerne, he ran into CRABB ROBINSON, who in addition to being a lawyer and knowing German was at all times ready to place himself at WORDSWORTH's disposal. Together they hunted the coachman down, and the coachman got a month in gaol, and WORDSWORTH all his and CRABB ROBINSON's expenses. The same promptness on his own behalf appeared in a more dubious form on the journey back to England. As their boat left Boulogne harbour it was driven by a strong wind on to a sand-bank, and began to break up. "My Brother," DOROTHY narrates, "thinking it would be impossible to save his wife and me, had stripped off his coat to be ready to swim." They were rescued, however, and some years later WORDSWORTH wrote a sonnet to his wife, beginning "O dearer far than light and life are dear."

H. K.

Braganzas of Brazil

"The Brazilians," said EDWIN LANDSEER'S brother CHARLES, writing home from Rio some time in the eighteen-twenties, "are not very correct." One gathers, however, from Mrs. BERTITA HARDING's *Amazon Throne* (HARRAP, 12/6), that the incorrectitude of the Brazilian people was, on the whole, outdone by the incorrectitude of its sovereigns. Their mutual story opens when João of Portugal, fleeing before NAPOLEON's legions, drops anchor in the narrows of Bahia; and, handicapped by the unavoidable importation of a mad mother and a vicious wife, starts playing the rôle of monarch in a colony larger than Europe.

With João's son, PEDRO I, we have an incontinent Emperor and a brace of chaste wives, the second of whom succeeds in establishing some sort of domestic order. PEDRO II, whom the American press of his day acclaimed as having "given respectability to the trade of king," married a plain but noble-minded Neapolitan and would have put up a good show as a constitutional monarch had he been less hampered by ecclesiastics and freemasons. The story of this royal pair's exile and piteous deaths in small European hotels is the most striking chapter of an animated family chronicle which, with the minimum of historical background, and that not particularly well-balanced, makes rather lighter reading, perhaps, than its political implications warrant.

H. P. E.

One and All

Mr. A. L. ROWSE is to be congratulated on his *Tudor Cornwall* (CAPE, 18/-). He has spent years in collecting his data, and has dived deeply into family, parish, and monastic archives; the result of his labours is a full, interesting and most readable account of the Duchy of the period. A Cornishman himself, he has the rare gift of writing about Cornwall. Even while dealing with the Reformation and its results, when to the lay mind he might easily have become respectably dull, he avoids stodginess; ecclesiastical ethics, though no joke at the time, are entertaining to read about nowadays, and impro priators may learn that tithes were not only confiscated with other church property, but were bartered by ecclesiastics themselves. In the chapter on industry, one reads that there were middlemen then as there are now, and it is a queer fact that to-day there are still "little one-man shows" in tin-working. There is no mention of smuggling; this perhaps was a later development. Elsewhere, matters of interest crop up all through the book; rebellions, the march to Blackheath, privateering, the lowering of Fowey, once the most important of Cornish ports, are examples, and, everywhere, social conditions. Cornwall has become popular of late years, and the book should be of wide interest. It is, of course, particularly worthy of the affection of those who are lucky enough to be of Cornish descent, some of whom may have good fun in learning what their forbears were up to in those spirited times.

J. K.

Nurslings of Caledonia

The short story appears to be suffering from a disability common to many forms of art: its practitioners are taking themselves more seriously and their work less so. There is a notable *decrecendo* of talent in the new reprint of *Scottish Short Stories* (FABER, 7/6). One obviously cannot cry up the rather lush sentiment of "Rab and His Friends" or a long-winded essay in the occult by Mrs. OLIPHANT above the vigorous if rather distorted "Provost's Tale" by A. J. CRONIN or a masterly sketch of vagabond life by RONALD MACDONALD DOUGLAS. But comparing the best of the old with the best of the new, is there anything else in the book that has, or ever will have, the vintage excellence of "Wandering Willie's Tale" and "Thrawn Janet"? Humour, *pace* BARRIE and J. J. BELL, is not a strong suit. The somewhat grisly irony of R. B. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM is really more characteristic. The now *démodé* CROCKETT comes out surprisingly well with a Daedet-esque little *conte*, "The Tutor of Curly wee." Why, one wonders, is the French alliance, permanently commemorated in the Scots dialect, so out of evidence—where it would be so useful—in the Scots short story?

H. P. E.



"We're looking for something old-world but steel-framed."

Letters to a Conscript Father

MY DEAR FATHER,—I was wondering the other day if you couldn't do something about your voice. At the Camp Cinema the other night Flight Sergeant Docket and Corporal Draper sang "O, that we two were maying," and it reminded me of you and Mother, though of course Corporal Draper's voice isn't as good as Mother's, and Flight Sergeant Docket's was a bit more rasping than yours used to be. No wonder, really, considering the way he treats it on the Square every morning.

Still, it did make me think that

perhaps I ought to give you a little gen about the entertainment side of R.A.F. life. You'll be off to your Station any day now, I expect, and any tips on getting yourself noticed by the C.O. ought to be helpful. Of course, there are ways of getting noticed by the C.O. which aren't helpful by any means, but even then, if you've been noticed in a helpful way earlier on, it may help you when you're noticed unhelpfully.

Take the case of A.C. Torbyhood. He was the merest erk, nothing more, until the Station Concerts started last

winter. A Sergeant came round all the Sections asking if anybody could do any entertaining, and naturally even those who could didn't say so, feeling fairly certain that it was only a piano-moving job boiling up, or a trying evening sweeping the Cinema out; all except Torbyhood, that is, and he was so new that he confessed to being a bit of a singer. When the Sergeant asked him what sort of a voice he had (meaning tenor or baritone or whatever) Torbyhood said he wasn't sure, but thought contralto. I mention this to show that you don't have to have any musical knowledge much to earn yourself a Service reputation.

Actually, it turned out at the concert that he was a sort of Robeson bass, though more grating, and the song he sang was called "Father, dear father, come home with me now, the clock in the village strikes ten." This made an absolute smash-hit with the C.O., who was sitting in front with all the other officers; and when the rest of the audience saw what a smash-hit it was with the C.O., it soon showed itself to be a smash-hit with them too.

Some of this was just luck, of course, because it happened that this song was one of the C.O.'s childhood memories, or something, so that even if a Service Policeman had played it on a one-string fiddle it would have gone over just as big; especially as this Torbyhood has a very obscure diction. Bairstow swears that he kept repeating over and over again the words, "under the bureau the horse found peace," but I didn't hear anything as distinct as that. Anyway, the C.O. came round the back in the interval and actually spoke to Torbyhood personally, which was terrific and much more satisfactory than sending a message by a Sergeant as usually happens.

Well, that was the sort of noticing that was helpful. But, the next day, Torbyhood found himself on a Charge, because in his excitement over the concert he'd clean forgotten a prior engagement to appear as a member of the No. 2 Block Fire Picket. However, when he was wheeled in before the C.O. he explained the facts of the case and was very gratified to find that the C.O. recognized him and gave it as his opinion, more or less, that a man who could sing "Father, dear father, come home with me now" like Torbyhood ought never to be wasted on Fire Picket Duties anyway. So the Charge fell through, and now Torbyhood does nothing but cycle round the Station handing out Dental Chits—the sort of job that even a Corporal would give his eyes for.

But, as I say, he was lucky. He

might just as easily have had for his repertoire a song that had unpleasant associations for the C.O.—one he'd heard on his honeymoon, or something. Or it might even have happened that however much the C.O. had liked the song, some visiting officer of Air Rank had *not* liked it, in which case, of course, Torbyhood would have got the usual seven days. Justice, after all, is the important thing.

So if you can brush up "Little Grey Home in the West," "The Lost Chord," and, say, "Take a pair of Sparkling Eyes," ready for when you're posted, I honestly advise you to do it. Three songs of that sort should be enough. Good solid stuff like that will wear through a whole season of Camp Concerts, and if you once make a hit with them you'll be expected to go on punching them out, and any fresh songs will be resented.

I must warn you not to expect too much in the way of accompanists. Most accompanists in the R.A.F. aren't used to playing from music, for instance, but as most singers aren't used to singing from it either, this doesn't usually matter. Singers usually hum in the accompanist's ear before they start and then suddenly plunge off into five flats; the accompanist then hammers away in C till he's managed to pull the singer down a semitone (not usually difficult) and vamps away loudly till he notices the song's finished.

But you may be lucky and get someone who can read music. Another word of warning here, though. Accompanists who have got a Camp reputation sometimes don't like admitting that they can't read music. What they do is to prop the copy up in front of them and pretend they're using it. The only thing to do is to wait until you get on the second or third page; then, if the accompanist hasn't yet turned over, you'll know what the trouble is and you can suddenly stop and say you've decided not to sing that one after all. For goodness' sake don't start arguing and wrangling with an established Camp pianist. He'll only say that he's always been satisfactory for all your predecessors, and all his admirers will back him up and say that, anyway, it's a lousy song and you're singing flat. Any singer who fails to please is always accused of singing flat.

Now, Dad, you see there are pros and cons as far as R.A.F. entertaining is concerned. Some people certainly make quite a good thing out of it. If you want to stay at your Station, when you get there, try to get in on the administrative side of the Camp

Concerts. Artists come and go, but the organizers go on for ever—unless they're very unlucky, like a Corporal here who put on a quick-patter turn without hearing it. It turned out rather unfortunately, and the C.O.'s wife had the Corporal posted.

One last word. Have a look in the piano before you begin to sing. The last time Bairstow sang he only looked in it afterwards and found that the action had been lifted out and put in the courtyard to dry. However, he said that the accompanying had been preferable to some he'd known.

I've got to go up to the hospital and clean Bairstow's buttons for him; the ward's being inspected to-morrow, and I wouldn't want him to go away on Sick Leave with a Charge hanging over his head.

Your loving Son PETER.

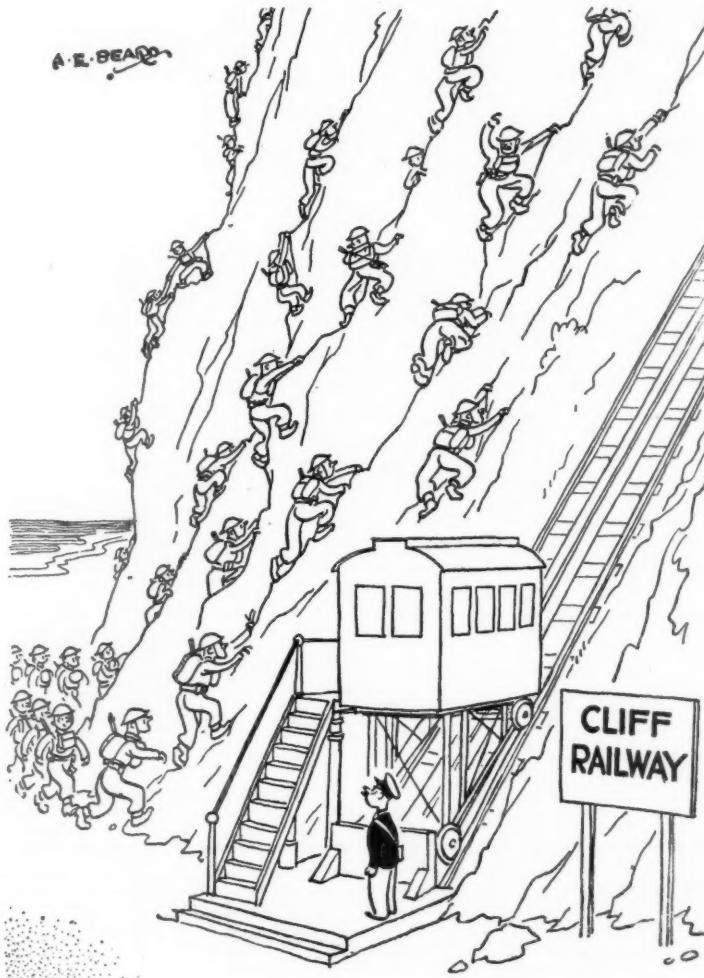
Dan Brinnycombe and the Invaders

DAN BRINNYCOMBE has held aloof from this war, as he did from the last, except in the matter of what is termed "digging for victory"—which he would scorn to call anything of the kind.

The marvel is that he digs at all.

As he is over ninety and served against Cetewayo in 'seventy-eight, as well as at Tel-el-Kebir, Omdurman, and Paardeberg against others who had offended his Queen, Dan is inclined to be superior about the vulgarizing effect of world-wars.

He does not of course say so, in the pure Devonshire which foreign service



has left undefiled, but that is obviously what he feels.

Soldiering, in his time, was an esoteric mystery, not intended for the *profanum vulgus* to probe and debate.

It was therefore with some apprehension that his neighbours in Lewstock learnt of the coming invasion exercises and heard old Dan's nephew, who is a pillar of the Home Guard, explaining what was expected of the inhabitants on the approach of the enemy.

He, who had faced the frenzied Mahdistas and the slim voorloopers in their native element, listened with grim composure to the instructions he was given.

"Yu see, 'tis this way now, Uncle. Us 'asn't got only fightin' ter du. Us 'as got tu be a-hinderin' o' the invaders by refoosin' to 'elp 'em like—see?—an' by misdirectionin' on 'em. Yu'll reckernize 'em—see?—by the soft caps they'm wearin'. So, if you see a feller in a soft cap, Uncle, doan't 'ee give un a scrap, nor doan't 'ee tell un where to find ut neither—nor nothin' else!"

It was hard to say how much of this masterly exposition had penetrated to Dan's understanding, for he could, when he chose, become stone deaf to all but his great-grand-daughter, Jane,

and he gave no sign of how much he had taken in.

It seemed indeed that he had absorbed none of his nephew's instructions when, two days later, a section of the enemy came to the door of the cottage. They found Jane not at home, but the old man in a mood of affable hospitality. He invited them in, and seemed moved by their battle-dress, for which he had previously evinced nothing but disdain, to discourse of the march to Ulundi, of the greatness of Sir Garnet and K. of K., and of distant, dust-laden days when Commandos were Commandos.

The young soldiers encouraged these reminiscences, plying him between-whiles with questions concerning the neighbourhood, and exchanging covert winks at the gullibility with which he told them all they wanted to know. Gone was the deafness, gone the mute reserve which so often baffled his interviewers.

Evidently well pleased with the respect which he was being accorded, the veteran invited his guests to take tea with him, and this they shamelessly accepted, engulfing deep cups of a strong brew with the infinite capacity of warriors on a tactical scheme.

These tough fellows flatteringly conceded the astonishing toughness of

ancient fibre, while keeping modestly silent about more subtle comparisons.

Finally they expressed their gratitude for his hospitality and rose to go, remarking regretfully that they must now rejoin their unit.

But Dan Brinnycombe was at the door before them.

"No, no, my dears!" he purred. "Yu can't du that, yu knew! Them soft caps yu got 'as told me yu was the enemy. So yu got to miss your column naow—see? They cupo yu bin drinkin' was pisened, yu knew, and so yu'm all dade or dyin'—see?—an' cann't jine no more yewnuts. . . ."

He paused at the sound of a vehicle drawing up outside.

"And that be the ambulance yu'm 'earin'—I sent my Janey for 'un, soon as I seed yu on the step—so yu'm goin' to travel gormfortable, my dears!"

He opened the door, disclosing an ambulance and a number of grinning medical orderlies, whose attitude—the "poisoned" invaders complained afterwards—was unmistakably combatant and accorded ill with the Geneva Convention.

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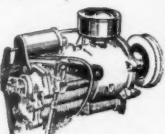
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The most popular hardy plant. They flower profusely from Spring to Winter, and last for years. WE NOW OFFER OUR MOST DELIGHTFUL HARDY PLANTS from Novelty Trials, at the low price of 7/- per dozen, 2 dozen for 14/-, 3 dozen for 20/-, and to encourage the planting over the next few weeks, WE ARE SENDING 15 plants for each dozen ordered.

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Long-flowering plants from our most famous strains. FOUR distinct kinds, SWEET WILL SHELDON, similar Hardy pink, DELIGHT (hardy and prolific), RAINBOW LOVELINESS (the multi-coloured, feathery Dianthus, strongly perfumed), NO NAME (a bewildering mixture of beautiful soft colours). Novelty Trials. All will give fine results this season.

SPECIALLY LOW PRICE: 5d. each, 7/-; 6d. each, 14/-; 12d. each, 20/-

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Well grown and properly packed plants.
5d. for 3/-, 100 for 5/-

ALL CARRIAGE PAID

Carnation and Food List free on request

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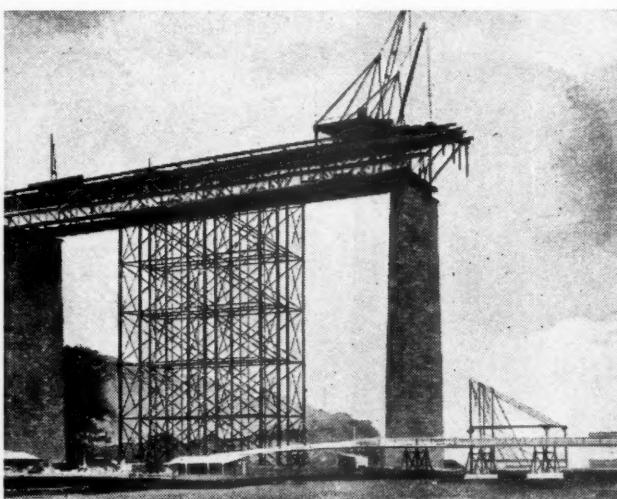
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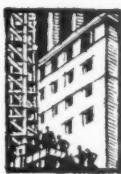
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More Vital, more Dependable than ever

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED

MRS. E. FLATT OF CHEAM, SURREY
advocates

The snowball system for group savings

"THE great feature of our Savings group is its steady growth," says Mrs. Flatt, the secretary. Mrs. Flatt's group was started two years ago at the Wardens' Post in Glebe Road, Cheam. "Every little while we put up a notice at our Post urging each present member to bring one new member that week. It's amazing how well this 'snowball' idea works. People are keen and very willing to help but they are apt to slip back if not reminded. As secretary, I've made it my job to keep reminding them and you can see the results in our savings totals. When I took over 17 months ago, the average was about £36 10s. a month. But for a long time now it's been £450 a month."

"Salesmanship? Well, yes—I do try to introduce a touch of it into my methods," says this enterprising but delightfully modest secretary. "My husband's business is concerned with that, you see, and I suppose I have picked up hints from him. I don't chivvy or pester people—that would never do. I just make my calls regularly and chat about all sorts of things—a son coming home on leave, a daughter joining up, say. A sympathetic atmosphere helps so much."

"Our totals, imposing as they sound, are all made up of small sums. The members are just ordinary folk and some of them have been hard hit by the war. But I try to keep them up to whatever they

can manage—even a very little, so long as it comes in regularly, is splendidly worth while."

"One field I've rather specialised in—that's children. They really are marvellous, once you can get them started. One little boy brings me as much as 7s. 6d. sometimes—money he has earned himself. I try to keep a store of sweets on hand so that I can give a few each time as a reward. Bribery? But it's all in such a *very* excellent cause!"

* * *
TO GROUP SECRETARIES.
Give us your Savings Story—not necessarily for publication—in case it may help others.

Write to Room 704,
The National Savings
Committee, 18,
Great Smith
Street, London,
S.W.1.



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Marcovitch
BLACK AND WHITE
cigarettes for Virginia smokers
Flat 15 for 2/- — 25 for 3/4
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2 oz.
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The Sergeant has such gentle ways

Orders? Oh, no—he begs and prays

He fairly takes the biscuit!

—and Weston MAKES the biscuit

Any complaints? No, Sergeant, not when the biscuits are Weston—except that sometimes the lads could do with lots more.

Everyone wants biscuits—the Services and the public—and the four Weston factories are working at full pitch. Even at that, some districts are not getting Weston biscuits, as every biscuit manufacturer has definite areas to supply by Government order, to save transport.

In many parts we are regularly making large deliveries, so ask for Weston Biscuits by name. If yours is not one of the fortunate places it is only for the present—Weston will return with Victory.

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